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Beyond the Ken of Man.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

IN folds of fleecy white the still moon glows
Across the rolling spheres; the guards of night,
Ten million stars in glittering raiment white,
Keep vigil through the hours when silence grows.
A constant train of clouds forever goes
Swift fleeting o'er its path of burnished light.
No mortal eyes can follow in its flight;
No man can tell its goal; God only knows.
Thus go our days and nights; each morn scarce creeps
Beyond the bonds of yester-night, until
The weary worlds again in darkness nod.
We watch the days flit past; we see the leaps
That turn the hours to years; yet tell, who will,
The course of bygone days? None knows but God

Popular Poetry.

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, '98.

FROM time immemorial poetry has been the chief human interpreter, consoler and light of life. Its realm lies in the land of the infinite, for at its best poetry is the outpouring of the noblest portion of man's being in language. The poetry of the world may be likened to a mighty river fed by innumerable tributary streams from almost every nation. With the advancing civilization of a people these streamlets grow broader and deeper, and rush on with a swifter and smoother current. When we trace these tributaries to their source we almost invariably find popular poetry, such as ballads and folk-songs, in the uplands. This form of poetry seems to be the most natural and spontaneous

effusion of a nation in its infancy; although order, unity and artistic refinement are, for the most part, lacking in the ballad, still the passions and sentiments of the human heart, and the love for that which is beautiful, are shown to be noble and strong in many compositions of that sort.

Man at the very earliest stage of civilization naturally delights in recording the noble deeds, triumphs, joys and sorrows of his ancestors, and instead of placing the record of these affections in the dry, matter-of-fact pages of history he has recourse to the soul-stirring strains of the poetic Muse. Thus it was that the popular poetry of the ballad and folk-song originated; and I think it is of the greatest importance to make a study of it, as it has an important bearing upon the life and literature of a nation.

The ballad was at first unwritten and sung to the accompaniment of the lyre. In its earliest stages it was naturally very rude in structure and rough in expression; but with the advancing civilization of each nation the poetic thought and refinement of the ballad increased. From a dry record of important events, it developed in beauty and power until it became a mighty force in the education of the people. It is indeed the parent of education; for this was at first the only means of imparting knowledge to the great mass of people. Here was poetry by the people and for the people, and as such it was a great power among them. The passionate recital of the noble deeds and lives of their ancestors taught them lessons that no history could, and influenced them to an emulation of their forefathers' lives. The ballads of a nation are, as it were, the voices of past generations crying out to the present. Indeed the history of many nations would be of small avail if it were not for its ballads. They have thrown light upon the dark and

shadowy past in many countries and climes; and the great national epics, that are, in fact, but a collection of ballads knitted together, are far greater than all history. What would the early history of the Greeks be worth if its popular poetry were destroyed? And so it is with many other nations.

The ballads of a nation have always been the most powerful incentive to the patriotism of its people. It is a fact that people that have cherished the ballads of their native land have been celebrated for love and devotion to home and country, and have defended these with all their might. On the other hand, history testifies to the fact that when a nation begins to disregard its ballads its power is waning quickly. Homer sang in passionate lines the great achievements of his race on the plains of Ilium, and these lines many years afterward fired the hearts of the Greeks with a zeal and patriotism that drove the hordes of Persians from the plains of Marathon. Achilles and the other great mythical heroes still fought in spirit, and hurled that huge mass of humanity back to the burning sands of the Persian deserts.

Man is a creature of imitation, and as such the ballad, or its outgrowth, the epic, with their vivid portrayal of former life, have almost a supernatural effect upon him. He sees before him the animated pictures of ancestors, performing deeds of valor, and entering upon exploits fraught with danger, and this inspires him with a zeal and devotion that overcomes all the mechanical forces of his foe.

Not less true is this with ballads pertaining to simple passions and the humble life around the hearth. The songs that have celebrated the humble life of the cottager or the shepherd come to us like the sweet-scented atmosphere of a May day, stimulating us with a true love for nature's beauties and the noble life that a man can lead within the small circle of his fireside.

During the Middle Ages the ballad, and compositions akin to it, were the principal poetical productions in European countries. In France they were sung by wandering *troubadours* and *trouvères*. These men were looked upon by both kings and common people as gifted with divine powers, and consequently they exerted a wondrous influence in moulding the manners, customs, and pursuits of the nation. In that country, the ballads sung by these wandering minstrels were the most powerful supporters of chivalry. They lauded

the heroic deeds of the knight for his land, and his lady, and in this way the chivalric spirit of France was kept at a glow for many years.

It is, however, in the border-land between Scotland and England and also in Ireland that the ballads of the wandering minstrels had the most powerful effect for the good of the people. The soul-stirring words of these old singers became implanted in the hearts of the Scotch and Irish as they were in no other nation, and have kept alive in them the courage and patriotism for which they have been celebrated. On the Scottish border almost every spot of any historical or romantic importance has its ballad, and a great many of these poems are very beautiful and strong. A great many of the Irish ballads deal with simple passions and home life, and many are written in a beautiful lyrical style. The heart of the lonely exile swells with joy when he hears the ballads recounting the triumphs of his native land and fills with sorrow when he hears of her wrongs. It is in a great measure due to this popular heroic poetry that the nobler emotions and deep patriotism has been kept constantly burning brightly in the Irishman's breast.

The power of the ballad in literature is not less than its influence upon the minds of the people. Many of our modern writers have drawn their deepest inspirations for their greatest works from the old ballads of the Middle Ages. They were the seed from which the most powerful works of Burns, Walter Scott and Tennyson blossomed forth. In the days of his childhood Scott eagerly read all the old popular tales of the Scottish Border, and visited the scenes upon which they were written; and, as he himself tells us, it is owing especially to their influence over him that he produced such works as "Marmion," the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Waverley." One of Scott's greatest joys consisted in reading Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," and it is from this source that he nurtured his powerful imagination and deep love for nature. Tennyson also drank deep of the lore of the old English and to their influence over him we owe the "Idyls of the King." The seed of literature has indeed brought forth fruit in abundance, and that which was the first educator of the people still exercises a powerful influence. The characters and deeds celebrated in the old ballads are still living in spirit, and though the voice of the minstrel is now hushed, his influence remains.

Montalembert.

WILLIAM P. BREEN, A. M., '80.

(CONTINUED.)

The new charter of 1830 had promised with "as little delay as possible, liberty of teaching." In order to force the issue, Montalembert presented a petition to the Chamber of Peers demanding that the promise of the charter be fulfilled; but no response came. Then Lamennais, Lacordaire and Montalembert opened a small school in Paris attended by twelve poor children; in the afternoon a Commissary of Police, attended by three officers, ordered the school to close, but Lacordaire requested the children to return the next day, when children and teachers were summarily expelled from the school, and Lamennais, Lacordaire and Montalembert brought to the bar of the police court. Montalembert's father died, and at twenty-one years of age he became a peer of France, wherefore at this particular juncture he demanded that he should be tried by his peers, and the trial was held before the Chamber of Peers, the most cultured and august body in France. Lacordaire spoke first, concluding a splendid oration on the right to give the children of the poor a free education by referring to the example of Socrates:

"In that *cause célèbre* by which Socrates fell," said Lacordaire, "he was evidently culpable against the gods, and, in consequence, against the laws of his country. Nevertheless, posterity, both pagan and Christian, has stigmatized his judges and accusers, and of all concerned have absolved only the culprit and the executioner: the culprit, because he had failed to keep the laws of Athens only in obedience to laws more elevated still; and the executioner, because he presented the cup to the victim with tears."

Montalembert, but twenty-one years of age, gave promise of great oratorical power in opening his defence with these words:

"I know that by myself I am nothing," said the young speaker, "I am but as a child; and I feel myself so young, so inexperienced, so obscure, that nothing less than the recollection of the great cause of which I am here the humble champion could encourage me. But I am happy in possessing a recollection of words pronounced for the same cause in this very place by my father. But I am sustained by the conviction that this is a question of life and death for the majority of Frenchmen—for

twenty-five millions who hold the same religious faith as myself, and by the unanimous cry of France for freedom of teaching, and by the written wishes of those fifteen thousand Frenchmen whose petition we have ourselves carried to the other chamber, and by the rights of thousands of families whose offspring are springing up in a region which arbitrary legislation has made a desert; in one word, by the image of a cruel past to atone for, and an invaluable future to assert, and, above all, by the name I bear—that name which is great as the world—the name of Catholic. I have all these principles to sustain me when I thus appear before you; and I require to remind myself of these great arguments, not only to give me courage, but to convince my judges that I have not been guided in what I have done by any inspiration of vanity, or any thirst for distinction. It is sufficiently well known that the career on which I have entered is not of a nature to satisfy an ambition which seeks political honors and places. The powers of the present age, both in government and in opposition, are, by the grace of Heaven, equally hostile to Catholics. There is another ambition not less devouring, perhaps not less culpable, which aspires to reputation, and which is content to buy that at any price; that, too, I disavow like the other. No one can be more conscious than I am of the disadvantages with which a precocious publicity surrounds youth, and none can fear them more. But there is still in the world something which is called faith—it is not dead in all minds; it is to this that I have early given my heart and my life. My life—a man's life—is always, and especially today, a poor thing enough; but this poor thing consecrated to a great and holy cause may grow with it; and when a man has made to such a cause the sacrifice of his future, I believe that he ought to shrink from none of its consequences, none of its dangers.

"It is in the strength of this conviction that I appear today for the first time in an assembly of men. I know too well that at my age one has neither antecedents nor experience; but at my age, as at every other, one has duties and hopes. I have determined, for my part, to be faithful to both."

The defendants were gently reprimanded and fined one hundred francs, but the trial directed public attention to their cause. But like many great causes, time is consumed in the working out of great purposes. Assistance and adherence are delayed; the prudential

mind views change with scrutiny, and carefully divines its results from every view before yielding the slightest assent. These considerations brought Lacordaire to say:

"At the same time," he says, after describing the origin and policy of the paper, "this movement had not a foundation sufficiently broad. It was too sudden and too ardent to sustain itself for a long period. To have a steady success, it is necessary that an enterprise be deeply rooted in the spirit of the time. Although O'Connell had gone before us, he was in a great measure unknown to France; and we appeared to the clergy, to government, to all parties, like a parcel of children, without ancestors and without posterity. Our undertaking was as the tempest coming from the desert, and not like the fruitful rain which refreshes the air and blesses the fields. It was necessary, then, after thirteen months of daily combat, to think of retreat. Our funds were exhausted, our courage failing, our strength diminished even by the extravagance with which we had employed it. The same day when this resolution was taken, I went early to the room of M. de la Mennais, and showed him that we could not come to an end like this, but that we ought to go to Rome to justify our meaning, to submit our opinions to that tribunal, and to give by this proceeding such a proof of our sincerity and orthodoxy as would be always, whatever might happen, a blessing to us, and a weapon taken out of the hands of our enemies."

To Rome, then, Lamennais, Lacordaire and Montalembert went for Papal approval, and saw the Pope. Several months were spent in the Eternal City by the three, so appreciative of its memories and so full of admiration for its beauties. Waiting for Papal approbation, little dreaming that the prudential genius of Rome, which weighs with marvelous exactness cause and effect, condition and consequence, could discern aught but propriety in their methods, Lamennais and his two disciples went to Munich for a visit. There they were guests at a dinner given outside the walls of Munich by the philosophers, the authors and the artists of that city in their honor. In the midst of the pleasure at that festal board, Lamennais was called out to read the Encyclical letter of Gregory XVI., which condemned his enterprise. Calling his two friends to him, with that marvelous composure and philosophy which were so soon to leave him, he said: "I have received an Encyclical of the Pope

against us. We must not hesitate to submit." The three "vanquished victors," as Lacordaire termed them, signed at once an article of submission which was satisfactory to the Pope. Montalembert then returned to Paris, to his home, which he made the resort of the learned, and the rendezvous of genial spirits in all the higher walks of life. Ozanam, who met him at this time, thus felicitously described the host and the discussions at these meetings:

"An odour of brotherhood and of Catholicism breathes through these little parties. M. de Montalembert has an angelic countenance, and is very brilliant in conversation. He is a good story-teller and extremely well informed.

"The points of doctrine on which Rome has required silence are never brought in question. In this respect the wisest discretion is kept up; but literature, history, the interests of the poor, the progress of civilization, are largely discussed. The conversation is animated, the speakers grow excited sometimes, our hearts are warmed, and one carries away a feeling of satisfaction and pure pleasure, good resolutions and courage for the future."

Montalembert, an early and prolific writer in the periodicals of the day, at this time called attention to what he denominated the vandalism of France, which would desecrate the ruins and memorials of the past:

"It is only in France that vandalism reigns alone and without restraint," he cries. "The ancient soil of our country, surcharged as it was with the most marvelous creations of the imagination and faith, becomes day by day more naked, more uniform, more bare—nothing is spared. The devastating axe attacks alike forests and churches, castles and hotels de ville. One would say that the intention of our contemporaries was to persuade themselves that the world began yesterday and was to end tomorrow, so anxious are they to annihilate everything whose duration exceeds the life of a man. Even the ruins which we create ourselves are not respected; and while we hear that in England the great proprietors spend every year a considerable income in preserving those which are on their lands, and that in Germany the people hold their liberal meetings within the ruins of their old castles, as if to put their new-born liberties under the protection of the past, among ourselves we do not even leave Time to do his natural work; we refuse to Nature her motherly mourning. For Nature, always gentle and loving, is specially so in respect to the ruins which man has made: she

seems to take pleasure in ornamenting them with her most beautiful decorations, as if to console them for their nakedness and desolation. But we tear away their shroud of verdure, their crowns of flowers; we violate the graves of past ages. The ancient noble puts them up to auction; the new citizen buys them, and if he does not condescend to give them a place in his new constructions, he patches them up and embellishes them according to his fancy. Both unite in order to dishonour those relics of the past."

A peer of France was not permitted to take part in the deliberations of the Chamber until he had reached the age of twenty-five years. The year 1833 was devoted by Montalembert to travelling in Germany, whither he went with the intention of studying the remains of Christian art there abundant. In his journey he stopped at Marbourg, the city St. Elizabeth, and entered the splendid Gothic church, then a Lutheran house of worship. The memories of the church suggested St. Elizabeth to him, and the only bookseller in the place was enabled after a long search to unearth in his garret the last copy of the brief life of Saint Elizabeth, written by the Lutheran superintendent, whose acquaintance Montalembert made. Then came into his mind the project of writing her life, which in three years was consummated. The trend of his mind, the charm of his style, are mirrored in his introduction to her life, which I may be pardoned for reading:

"On the 19th of November, 1833, a traveller arrived at Marbourg, a town in the electorate of Hesse, situated upon the beautiful banks of the Lahn. He paused to examine the church, which was celebrated at once for its pure and perfect beauty, and because it was the first church in Germany where the pointed arch prevailed over the round in the great renovation of art in the thirteenth century. This church bears the name of St. Elizabeth, and it was on St. Elizabeth's day that he found himself within its walls. In the church itself, which, like the country, is now devoted to the Lutheran worship, there was no trace of any special solemnity, except that in honor of the day, and contrary to Protestant custom, it was open, and children were at play in it among the tombs. The stranger roamed through its vast, desolate and devastated aisles, which are still young in their elegance and airy lightness. He saw placed against a pillar the statue of a young woman in the dress of a widow, with a gentle and resigned countenance, holding in one hand the model

of a church, and with the other giving alms to a lame man. Further on, upon the naked altars, whence no priestly hand ever wiped the dust, he examined with interest ancient paintings on wood well-nigh defaced, and carvings in relief, all broken, but both alike deeply impressed with the fresh and tender charm of Christian art. He saw among these pictures that of a terror-stricken girl showing to a crowned warrior her robe filled with roses; further on, this same warrior, stripping with violence the covering from his bed, is represented as finding Christ there lying on the cross. Further on still the two are shown tearing themselves with anguish from each other's arms; the lady is then depicted, fairer than in all the other representations, stretched on her bed of death midst weeping priests and nuns, and lastly, bishops exhume a coffin on which an emperor lays his crown. The traveller was told that these were events in the life of St. Elizabeth, queen of that country, who died on that day six hundred years ago in that very town of Marbourg, and lay buried in that very church. At the end of a dark sacristy he was shown the silver shrine covered with sculpture, which had enclosed the relics of the saint, until one of her descendants, turned Protestant, had torn them from it, and scattered them to the winds. Beneath the canopy of stone which once covered this shrine he saw that each step was deeply hollowed, and was told that these were the traces of countless pilgrims who once had come to kneel, but who for three centuries had come no more. He knew that there were certainly in that town some of the faithful and a Catholic priest, but neither Mass nor any remembrance of the saint whose anniversary fell on that very day. The faith which had left its deep impress on the cold stone had left none upon human hearts.

"The stranger kissed the steps hollowed out by generations of the faithful, and retook his solitary course; but a sweet and sad recollection of the neglected saint, whose forgotten *fête* he had come, an unwitting pilgrim, to celebrate, left him no more. He undertook to study her life. He ransacked in turn those rich stores of ancient learning which learned Germany offers in such profusion. Fascinated and charmed more every day by what he learned of her, the thought became little by little the guiding star of his course. After having exhausted the books and chronicles, and consulted the most neglected manuscripts, he was anxious, as the first of the old biog-

raphers of the saint had done, to examine localities and popular traditions. He went then from town to town, from castle to castle, from church to church, searching everywhere for traces of her who had ever been called in Catholic Germany the dear Saint Elizabeth.

"He tried in vain to visit her cradle at Presbourg, in far-off Hungary; but he could at least make some stay in the famous castle of Wartbourg, where she came when a child, and where she lived as a girl, and was married to a husband as tender and pious as herself. He could climb the rough paths by which she used to pass to distribute to the poor, her dearest friends, her never-failing alms. He followed her to Creuzbourg, where first she became a mother; to the monastery of Reinhartsbraun, where at the age of twenty she was forced to part from her loved one who went to die for the tomb of Christ; to Bamberg, where she found a refuge from cruel persecution; over the holy mountain of Andechs, the cradle of her race, where she offered up her wedding-dress when, after the death of her dearly loved husband, she had become a wandering and exiled widow. At Erfurth he put to his lips the long glass which she had left in memory of herself to some humble Sisters. Lastly, at Marbourg, where she consecrated the last days of her life to works of heroic charity, and where she died at the age of twenty-four, he returned to pray by her desecrated tomb, and to gather with pain and difficulty some remembrance of her from the mouths of a people who have renounced with the faith of their fathers the regard due to their benefactress."

His pilgrimage was then to the places hallowed by the footsteps of St. Elizabeth, and with witching language has he told the charming story of the sainted Queen of Hungary.

In 1835 Montalembert returned to Paris to find his friend, Lacordaire, thrilling the echoes of Notre Dame with his wondrous eloquence, awakening religious fervor and inaugurating with new method the reclamation of young men to religion. Ozanam, the apostle of charity, the scholar, the historian and the philosopher, who had labored so hard to put Lacordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame, was not more elated than Montalembert, the orator and man of letters, who loved the silver-tongued Dominican with all the ardor of friendship, as they crowded side by side with the best of France, about the pulpit to be invested with the spell which genuine oratory ever has created and ever will create.

In the same year, his first appearance in the Chamber was to speak in defence of the liberty of the press, in which he said: "I don't pretend to constitute myself the champion of the liberty of the press, or any other liberty—they have no need of my defence. Liberty, I am deeply convinced, has become the inalienable inheritance of France." He next took up the cause of the Poles, and asked that the sympathy of the French government be extended to them, because of the revocation by the Emperor Nicholas of the charter granted them by his predecessors. When the King of Prussia imprisoned the Archbishop of Cologne, the freedom-fraught spirit of Montalembert could not be repressed, and the allocution of Gregory XVI, the same who had condemned the theories of Montalembert, Lamennais and Lacordaire, evoked from Montalembert this vigorous, exquisite tribute to Papal authority:

"Henceforward we shall be able to measure what point of downfall has been reached by that which is called a decrepit power, condemned to reign only over ruins. For us faithful Catholics, whom divine mercy has preserved from such fatal errors, we ought not less to thank the Vicar of our God for having so gloriously confounded his enemies, and for having thus deprived wandering yet believing souls of every excuse for their wandering. Let us await with humble admiration the day on which the light and transparent veil, which hid the long-suffering of our Father, shall have been torn asunder. The glorious mystery of his justice has been all at once lighted by a great light. All at once we have been allowed to see how much force and energy there was in that patience which it is so hard to understand, but so glorious to possess, in an age so hungry of living, so eager for strife as ours; patience which passes the limits of human wisdom because it knows only those of divine charity; but patience which never goes so far as to give up a right or deny a truth. Yes, let us repeat it without ceasing—the Church is patient because she is immortal. But there comes a moment when she draws from her immortality a courage and strength, the mere shadow of which soars above all strength and courage of this earth. All the Catholics who suffer, who groan under the yoke of heresy or persecuting schism, know now that the moment will come when a sovereign balm will be dropped into the wounds of their hearts, and when, after rendering to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, they will hear a voice which has

echoed through eighteen centuries, bidding Caesar render in his turn to God the things which are God's.

"...In the magnificent language of the Church, there is I know not what treasure of greatness and moderation, which transports the Christian soul with joy. She strikes without wounding; she sends forth her thunder without driving any to despair; and scarcely has she struck, scarcely has she thundered, when she stretches out her hand to heal and to raise up. Tell us, then, what power in the world could play the same part? Tell us what modern theory of society or of human government could produce a position like that of Rome? Tell us, in short, where is the power which could thus encamp, like an everlasting guardian, upon the threshold of the human conscience to keep it inviolable? And who else has the right and the will to say to people as to kings, to despotism as to anarchy, 'Hitherto thou shalt come, and no further?'"

The genius of emancipation could not but enamour the tender heart of Montalembert; and in May, 1837, we find him in the French Parliament speaking for the emancipation of slaves, insisting for the slave, in the words of Curran:

"No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an African or Indian sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle the helm of his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the moment he touches the soil of France, the altar and the god should fall together in the dust. His soul should walk abroad in its majesty and he should stand redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

In 1839, he paid the mournful tribute which men of heart always filially, tenderly and lovingly perform in attending the death-bed of her—that God-given spirit who brings us into being, who guides our infant steps, who breathes into our ears the aspirations of hope and promise as we pass from youth to manhood, who, when the world forsakes us and the future is black as night, and ambition is benumbed, throws a ray of golden, gladsome sunshine into the gloom, and says: "My boy, there is hope; do not despair"—this never-to-be-forgotten spirit, whose celestial name is "Mother."

Later in the same year Montalembert met Gladstone in London, then a young Member

of Parliament, giving presage of that splendid career and well-rounded life which is one of the glories of England today. Samuel Rogers, the poet, a noted person in London society, entertained Montalembert, and remarked to a friend, "that if he had the power to put himself in the place of another, he would choose that of Montalembert; not on account of his youth and his beautiful wife, but because he possessed that immovable and cloudless faith which is the most enviable of all gifts." Montalembert, after his entrance into public life, became and remained the friend of the oppressed. A distinguished Frenchman, alluding to this trait of his character, eloquently says:

"No lost or desperate cause ever failed to obtain his support. There were three nations in the world exposed to special oppression—Poland by Russia, Ireland by England, Greece by Turkey; these three nations became his clients. When Belgium was threatened by Holland; when, in Switzerland, the strong cantons oppressed the weak; when enmity arose between Egypt and the Porte—he took always, and on every occasion, the weaker side. Penetrated by the conviction that just causes are everlasting, and that every protest against injustice ends by moving Heaven and convincing men, he sought out, so to speak, every oppressed cause when at its last breath to take its burden upon himself and to become its champion. There is a suffering race, a race lost in distant isles, the race of black slaves, which has been oppressed for centuries; he took its cause in hand, and from the year 1837 labored for its emancipation. There are in all manufacturing places a crowd of hollow-cheeked children, with pale faces and worn eyes, and the sight of them made a profound impression upon him; he took their cause also in hand. If you run over the mere index of his speeches, you will find all generous efforts contained in it."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Fireside Hunting.

JOHN J. DOWD. '99.

There wasn't a pleasanter place in the world to spend the long evenings than in Squire Grimwood's kitchen. The rafters of its unplastered ceiling were concealed in festoons of boneset, sage and seed corn, and a panful of apples on the table and a simmering pail of cider on the stove completed the picture of

rural cheer. Everyone liked to sit around the kitchen fire, and the squire's burly, yarn-loving brother vowed, "It was the most comfortable place he had found since he had left York State and the ole homestead's six-foot fireplace with the deer antlers for rifles and the mink traps hung round on pegs."

Tonight it was especially homelike, for all the household was gathered there. Mrs. Grimwood and her daughters sat sewing by the table in the middle of the room. In front of the big stove that opened its mouth wide in emulation of the six-foot fireplace, sat the squire himself, with the blaze flickering over his ruddy features and heightening his waggish expression. On either side sat his four sons, ranging from Tom, a stalwart, bright young man, to Orrin, a youngster of about seven, with the same droll cast of countenance as his father. By the closet, back of the fire, Uncle Abe, the story-teller of the group, was engaged in cleaning an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle. As he turned the weapon affectionately in his hands, he grew reminiscent. According to his account, that gun and he had done enough execution to explain the dearth of game at the present day.

"What's the use cleaning up that old thing?" asked Tom disdainfully.

"Wal, I dunno," Uncle Abe replied composedly; "I might want to shoot a wild turkey, or suthin'. I don't think they'em left here altogether."

Then Orrin wanted to hear a story about shooting wild turkeys, and Uncle Abe, nothing loth, proceeded to clear his throat and the gun simultaneously. A hush fell on the circle as he began.

"'Bout twenty years ago I wuz helpin' Jim Brown over at the Ridge durin' harvest. I took my rifle 'long, becuz he wanted me to shoot a critter fur his help. One night it rained so hard that we couldn't work next day, so I slung the ole rifle on my shoulder, an' I sez, Jim, sez I, 'I'm gettin' powerful tired o' beef; guess I'll get a turkey fur dinner.' Then he laffed, fur turkey wuz gettin' scarce tharabout, but I started out an' walked 'bout three mile 'thout seein' anythin'."

"Discouraging," ventured Tom.

"Yep, I'd a kem back only I 'membered how Brown laffed, so I went a little further, till there wuz an openin' in the timber, an' across the clearin' in a big sycamore 'bout forty rod away, perched a monstrous bronze gobbler. It would take too long to go 'round, an' I didn't dast to cross, so I jist riz up this here gun 'thout any rest or anythin', drew bead, an' fired."

"Did you hit him?" asked some one. The speaker ignored the question and continued:

"When I picked him up with a bullet hole in his neck, I had to throw him over my shoulder to carry him, an' as I walked his head dragged in the snow."

"Why, I thought you said it was harvest time, Uncle," piped little Orrin.

"No—humph—yes', twas," growled Uncle Abe confused. "Guess it must 'a been the down offum the thistles he dragged in then."

Varsity Verse.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

HE had studied mathematics—
 Couldn't stick him in quadratics,
 In radicals or calculus abstruse.
 While around the billiard cushions
 They settled all discussions
 By the geometric figures he'd adduce.

But alas this canny callant
 Went the way of men of talent,
 And in a crowded city lives obscure.
 There his scientific knowledge,
 Wherein he'd shone at college,
 Seems not to solve the problems of the poor.

Yet his genius burns the brighter,
 As his purse becomes the lighter,
 And in squaring circles great success he meets.
 For in a chop-house lowly
 He makes a "square meal" wholly,
 From a five-cent, rounded pie, whene'er he eats.

J. J. D.

EXTASE.

(Victor Hugo.)

J'étais seul près des flots, par une nuit d'étoiles,
 Pas un nuage aux cieux, sur les mers pas de voiles,
 Mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde réel;
 Et les bois et les monts, et toute la nature,
 Semblaient interroger dans un confus murmure,
 Les flots des mers, les feux du ciel.

Et les étoiles d'or, légions infinies,
 A voix haute, a voix basse, avec mille harmonies,
 Disaient, en inclinant leurs couronnes de feu:
 Et les flots bleus, que rien ne gouverne et n'arrête,
 Disaient en recourbant l'écume de leur crête:
 C'est le Seigneur, le Seigneur Dieu.

ECSTASY.

(Hugo.)

Alone by the waves in the star-lit night,
 Not a cloud in the sky, not a sail in the bight,
 I peered through the mists with searching eye,
 And the woods, and the mountains, and all nature's
 own,
 Seemed then to question in murmuring tone
 The waves of the sea, the fires of the sky.

And the golden stars, a myriad throng,
 Now loudly, now lowly, in mystic song,
 Made answer, all crowned in the fiery nod;
 And the waves that none govern, no forces arrest,
 Would say, tossing the foam of the swaying crest:
 It is the Lord, the Lord God. E. M.

Bill's Treasure-Trove.

THEODORE V. WATTERSON.

Bill had been hauling coal for "old man Clark," as he called him, for two months. Ever since Clark had saved Bill from being sent to the Island "fer knockin' Dutchy Sauer down, and steppin' on him," Bill had taken a liking to the old man and had promised to keep a steady position.

He surprised me one day by announcing that he had taken the pledge for six months. Here was a man, born and reared among drunkards and living above a saloon. That Bill took the pledge, satisfied me that Clark had much influence upon him. I had often broached the subject to Bill but he always put me off, saying that "he didn't have no love fer guys wot wuz temperance."

The boys at the coal yard made fun of Bill for taking the pledge, and he received their jests in good humor; but if anyone said a word about Clark after that, he was ready to fight in an instant.

One day the hands were given a day off. It was the fourth of March, election day, and the boys were sitting round a large bonfire in the middle of the street, smoking and talking politics, when from an adjoining alley way came toddling a little baby girl. Her face and her dress were begrimed with dirt, and the tears made small streaks of white as they flowed down her cheeks.

She toddled up to Bill and put her arms around his legs, crying piteously: "Papa, papa." The boys laughed uproariously, and Bill looked as if he wished to be away.

"Well, I'm danged if that ain't pretty cheeky," said Bill trying to appear unconcerned, and failing entirely. "Say, kid, wat's yer name?"

The "kid" did not answer but started, crying harder than ever.

"Swat 'er one an' she'll quit," cried a burly negro. One look from Bill quieted the fellow, and Bill picked the little one up and put her on his knee, where she buried her face in his coat and soon fell asleep.

Bill was now at a loss what to do with her. He had a small room in the boarding-house above the saloon, but it contained only one small bed and a chair. However, by the advice of a woman who owned a candy store across the street, Bill took the child home, and put her to bed. It was then he noticed a plain

gold ring on her finger, on which were engraved the initials "C. J. C." and below these, "To Baby."

Bill had a faint idea that babies ought to have milk, so the first thing he did was to send a little boy for a few cents' worth, which he managed to spill all over her. He wondered how he was to get the child off his hands; and asked the woman that kept the boarding-house, if she would attend to the baby while he was away.

"Why, the poor little creature!" she cried, "she's almost frozen to death." She lifted the little girl in her arms in a motherly way, and it opened its eyes and gave a little moan.

That afternoon Bill went to the coal yard to fix up his wagon for the next day. While he was in the office, old man Clark rushed in. His hair was disheveled, his eyes sunken, his face haggard, and he looked like a worn-out man.

"Bill, O Bill!" he cried, "where is she, oh! where is she?"

"Where is who?" Bill exclaimed, becoming alarmed.

"My baby, my little girl, has disappeared;" and the unhappy father sank into a chair and moaned aloud.

"Where did she go? What did she wear?" Bill jumped up greatly excited. He had suddenly remembered the ring.

"Why—why, do you know where she is?" said Clark, jumping up. His face had suddenly lighted up at receiving at last a ray of hope.

"Speak, tell me something," he cried as he caught Bill's coat.

Bill related the events of the morning, and then went to his lodging-house with his employer. With suppressed excitement Mr. Clark ascended the stairs, burst into the room, and soon had his little girl clasped to his breast. The next morning Bill was seen doing the foreman's duty at the coal yard.

"And all on account of a kid," said Bill.

The Song of the Thrush.

Sweet is the voice of the thrush,
As he sings his evening song,
When falls the evening hush,
Sweet is the voice of the thrush;
From his throat the full notes rush
In cadence clear and strong,
Sweet is the voice of the thrush,
As he sings his evening song.

J. J. F.

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Doctor Zahm's Reception.

Very Rev. Dr. John A. Zahm, C. S. C., who was lately appointed Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States to succeed the lamented Father Corby, arrived at Notre Dame from Rome on Saturday last. He was met at South Bend by Rev. Fathers Morrissey and L'Etourneau. Arriving at the College an address on behalf of the students of the University was read by Mr. Paul J. Ragan, '97. Father Zahm responded felicitously as expressing his pleasure to be back at Notre Dame and his good wishes for the welfare of the students and the continued prosperity of the institution. Though a stranger to many who listened to his remarks, Father Zahm is no stranger at Notre Dame, having been professor here for many years and Vice-President under the beloved Father Walsh. Two years ago he was sent to Rome to fill the office of Procurator General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. In the scientific world Father Zahm is a conspicuous figure.

After greetings had been exchanged President Morrissey declared classes suspended for the rest of the day, an announcement that was received with the usual cheers. The day was a gloomy one, but the SCHOLASTIC hopes that, as successor to Father Corby, Father Zahm's way may be flooded with sunshine.

Four Lectures by Dr. James Field Spalding.

The collegiate students of the University in the last two weeks have been favored with four excellent lectures in American literature, on America's greatest writers—Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell and Holmes. It is a mournful fact that most of us give little thought to these greater men of our young literature, or at least, that we are not so patriotic in this regard as we might be. In our school readers—when literature was dull for us—we learned the names of these men and some epigrammatic quotations from their works, which we soon forgot. Since that time we have, of course, browsed occasionally in their rich pasture, but an extended study of their works we have not yet had leisure to make.

For this reason the four lectures were of great value. Dr. Spalding's knowledge of American literature is evidently both broad and deep; and in his study of the lives and works of these great men he has happily grasped their personality and the incidents that influenced them to become what they were. Thus he is able not only to depict the man, but to utter a just criticism of his writings. In this respect it may be said that the lectures were of the best ever delivered at Notre Dame.

In the consideration of Emerson, Dr. Spalding first gave a brief review of the life of this wandering philosopher of ours. This review was not a mere list of dates and names. The incidents that had much to do with the formation and growth of the mind and character of Emerson were dwelt upon and explained. The lecturer's study of the man and his work gave us a better knowledge of Emerson, and, what is more, a strong desire to know his books for ourselves.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was, we may say, a representative American, and one of her greatest essayists and thinkers. As we may judge from his works, he was a lover of nature, who took pleasure in roaming in wild places, who saw beauty in everything that nature gave up to sight, and wondered at her grandeur and sublimity. As a philosopher he was restless, constantly changing, and seemingly seeking for a peace he could not find. Dr. Spalding gave a careful *critique* of his prose and poetry, reading some passages of verse to show the power and music in them.

The lecture on Hawthorne was, perhaps, of greater interest, because Hawthorne's stories

and romances are more widely known than the essays of Emerson. As Dr. Spalding said, it is difficult to get detailed knowledge of Hawthorne's domestic life, since there is no accurate biography. Julian Hawthorne has written "Hawthorne and His Family," which, as it was put, has most to do with the family, particularly Julian.

The lectures on Lowell and Holmes were no less interesting and valuable. Dr. Spalding shows himself to be a careful reader. He is also an excellent lecturer. His criticism was acute and scholarly, especially while analyzing the spirit of transcendental philosophy and measuring it by Catholic standards. His audience increased every day—a sure test of his power to rouse and maintain interest. To the literary student especially his work is of lasting benefit; and to all who heard him it was an intellectual treat.

Books and Periodicals.

—*Journal of Applied Microscopy* (monthly), published by "The Bausch & Lomb Optical Company" and edited by L. B. Elliott, is a new scientific magazine that promises to be of unusually great benefit to the thousands that use a microscope. If we understand rightly the intention of the *Journal*, we may say that it tends in an entirely different direction from all others of the kind in existence. Its aim is to help the practical worker in microscopy, by calling his attention to new apparatus, new methods, and new ways of demonstrating scientific facts in the laboratory.

It will help both the professor and student, not so much by didactic and theoretical and erudite contributions, as by that practical simple way that tells in as few words as necessary just what the student or professor needs in his daily work in the laboratory. The first number which lies before us is brimful of good things, and as proof of its practical utility we may mention the fact that one of the directors of the Biological Laboratory here seeing this number at once resolved to put into practical execution the methods suggested by Professor Howard Ayers, Ph. D., on "The Study of the Myxamoebæ and the Plasmodia of the Mycetozoa." "Class Technique in Pathology" is very suggestive, not only to the Professor of Pathology but to any other who has to attend to a large class in the laboratory.

We are promised also a series of illustrated

articles on "Representative American Laboratories." The great help this will give to the directors of our biological laboratories throughout the country can only be appreciated by those who are engaged in the laboratory method of teaching the natural sciences. No doubt the publishers will not only select those laboratories that have a large sum of money to support them, but will suggest what can be done with even a most limited appropriation for this purpose. Finally we would say that no one can plead inability to support this publication as the price is so low (\$1) that the value received exceeds it a hundredfold. The publication of this journal by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company is only an additional testimony of their genuine and practical help towards building up science in this country. Students can club together in fives and receive the *Journal* at eighty cents each by writing to the publishers Bausch & Lomb Optical Company, Rochester, New York.

QUANTITATIVE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. By Percy Norton Evans, Purdue University. Ginn and Co., Boston.

In this little volume, Professor Evans has set forth, within the compass of some eighty pages a well-chosen, well-arranged, thoroughly up-to-date and complete elementary course of experiments in quantitative chemical analysis. What impresses one most about the book is its practicalness. Detailed instructions for operations such as weighing, precipitating, filtering, etc., have wisely been left for the teacher. With its small size, neat print, and clear, condensed style, it is pre-eminently fitted for the laboratory, and for any teacher of quantitative analysis who may find the use of a text-book convenient, we venture to say that nothing more serviceable in this respect is to be procured or to be desired.

—In the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society* is given a page of peculiar interest in the annals of our country. During the troubled times of the Civil War the government requested the Sisters of Charity to take charge of the West Philadelphia Hospital, better known as the Satterlee-Military-Hospital. Responding to the call with the promptitude and fervor which has ever been theirs, the Sisters for four years consecrated themselves to a series of pious and generous labors that extorted the admiration of even the most prejudiced. One may form some sort of idea of the herculean task the Sisters took upon themselves when it is known that a small band of devoted women, never more than forty in

number, and for the longest time only twenty-five, administered relief and consolation to as many as six thousand sick and wounded soldiers at a time. That the Sisters performed their task with striking success is proved by the appreciation of the Protestant officers in charge of the institution, who, though often urged to do so, steadfastly refused to part with the Sisters to make room for lay nurses of one denomination or other, and by the gratitude and love of the patients who were fascinated by the devotion apparent in every act of their gentle attendants.

In the gloomy years of fratricidal contest, when man in his ferocity panted for the blood of his fellowman, and the whole country was one vast scene of turmoil, rapine and savagery, there was on Satterlee Heights one little spot of bright cheerfulness and holy calm where love and gentleness still strove to foster the benevolences which were being slaughtered elsewhere.

On Satterlee Heights tragedies and comedies interpenetrated with lowly heroism were daily enacted of which the memory is fast dying out. It must not be permitted that the record of such noble humanity, extended alike to Catholic and non-Catholic Americans, should fade; but the Church should preserve and make public for the admiring gaze of future generations of Americans an example of her sublime influence on the human soul.

—*Socialistic Fallacies* is the title of a pamphlet by the Rev. Thomas H. Malone, the contents of which were first delivered as a lecture, and with such success that the author was requested to repeat them. Father Malone enumerates the various solutions that have been offered of the political and social discontent of the present era, and reserves socialism for special consideration. Socialism is one of those blatant doctrines which would abolish want by turning over all productive enterprises to the immediate control of the government; destroy competition and establish co-operation in its place; substitute production for profit by production for use, public enterprise for private enterprise, and make individual effort operate for society, instead of for self. This, the scope of socialism, is the theme of the lecture.

Against these inanities of a fatuous creed foisted on their followers by a deluded or designing clique, Father Malone has marshalled a phalanx of refutations drawn from deep knowledge, from serious consideration and irrefragable authority, whose slightest onset is more

than equal to making the enemy bite the dust.

A mortifying consideration, ever present to the observer of human nature, is intensified in the presence of questions of this nature. The great army of the unwashed, so blind as not to know whither their groping tends, so weak and unstable as to be veered about by the greasy breath of the ever-changing demagogue, yet so omniscient and self-sufficient as to feel justified in running counter to the counsels of wisdom and the accepted conditions of things, is a humiliating sight. The "crassa infatuatio" of humanity, ever spreading as the wave of population widens, ever more offensively obtrusive, as its claims to attention lessen, would seem to justify, with the accentuation of the ages, the cynicism of the ancient Arabian who designated mankind "a damned fool."

The various divisions of this doctrine, offered in different guises to the public, are examined and refuted, and the changing methods it pursues in its attacks on the existing order of things are exposed and crippled. Shaken by the blows of weighty arguments, the props of socialism fall one after another, until the whole system lies crumbling at the lecturer's feet—falsehood under the heel of truth.

Exchanges.

A very neat cover, numerous attractive illustrations, some good verse and thoughtful prose—such is the initial number of *The Aloysian*, a new publication from Mt. Aloysius Academy. The whole purpose and spirit of the paper is disclosed to the reader in the dainty "L'Envoi," and if he would know still more about *The Aloysian* let him turn to the editorials on the next page. Miss Bradley's "Impressions after Reading Longfellow" shows a real acquaintance and sympathy with the poet, although we must disagree with her when she speaks of his "ability to create poetry of unpoetical material." In our mind that is claiming too much for the poet. "Topics of the Times" is an original department in college journalism, and the other departments—"Chatter," "Bubbles" and "Athletics"—are bright and newsy. We were especially pleased to learn that the students have a drill master in the person of "A Professor of Military Tactics from West Point," and that they also receive instruction from "Miss Reed, B. S., who has been in careful training under an able master

from the same military school." We imagine the ex-man on *The Xavier* will roll his eyes in holy horror when he reads this; and when, further down the page, he learns of sword drills, Indian clubs, dress parades, tennis tournaments and wheel races the effect will be tragical. Altogether *The Aloysian* is a very lusty youngster, and it gives evidence of emanating from a modern, progressive institution. It will always be welcomed to our sanctum.

* *

The rather dull pages of the December number of the *McMaster University Monthly* are somewhat brightened by a well-written sketch of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, by Miss Clara Goble Sale. The writer, who lives in Atlanta, is in a position to study closely Mr. Harris and his work, and she has made much of her advantage. The remarks concerning the plantation folk-lore are especially entertaining and instructive.

* *

"'Twas a Sothern first night
I was feeling just right
To enjoy seeing Prisoner of Zenda;
But think of the joke—
I had left my great coat
In the depot away out in Denver."

Thus J. H. N., a lyric poet on the staff of *The Viatorian*, begins his touching creation entitled "At the Play." The only objection we can make to this piece of literature is that the fact that he left his great coat "in the depot away out in Denver" has, in the words of Ko-Ko, "nothing to do with the case." This is a slight flaw, however, because "coat" may have been the only rime at hand for "cloak." J. H. N. should join forces with R. P. W., of the *Niagara Index*, and the author of "Ginger-Ale Liz," also of that paper. The result of this collaboration would be original, to say the least.

Our Friends.

—Mr. Adolph G. Hiller, student '90-'91, visited the University recently. Mr. Hiller is engaged in a general merchandise business in East Saginaw, Mich.

—Mr. Wm. A. Correll, C. E. '94, is at present in the lumber business with his father in Mattawana, Pa.; but he expects to resume the practice of his profession in a short time.

—Mr. Frank J. Vurpillat (Law '91), who is practising law in Knox, Ind., has received many compliments lately for his able work in the famous Messenger case. Mr. Vurpillat's Notre Dame friends are pleased to hear of his success.

—During the past week a member of the Faculty received a letter from Mr. A. G. Herman, student '92-'95, who is at present studying philosophy and theology at the University of Innsbrück, Austria. Mr. Herman's Notre Dame friends wish him success.

—The Rev. James J. McAuliffe (A. B. '93), was ordained at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, on Saturday, January 15, and he said his first Mass on January 23. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Father McAuliffe upon his ordination to the priesthood.

—On Wednesday, January 12, at the home of the bride, in Denver, Colo., occurred the wedding of Miss Jessica Cranmer and Mr. William P. McPhee (B. S. '90). Mr. and Mrs. McPhee visited Notre Dame a few days later while on their way to New York. The SCHOLASTIC extends heartiest congratulations.

—We were honored recently by a visit from Mr. F. Marion Crawford. At a former visit Mr. Crawford expressed a wish to spend a week or two at Notre Dame, and we hoped that when he came recently his wish would be fulfilled. Business engagements, however, would not permit him to remain more than a day or two.

—The many friends at Notre Dame of Mr. L. Wilson, student '65-'67, were pained to learn of his death from typhoid fever at Trenton, N. J., Jan. 24. Mr. Wilson was fondly remembered by many of the older members of the Faculty, who, together with his friends among the Congregation of the Holy Cross, extend sincerest sympathy to the family of the deceased.

—Charles Kunnert (B. S. '94) has become a prominent machinist in Watertown, Wis. The same unswerving devotion to duty which characterized him while a student at Notre Dame, has raised him already to the superintendency of a factory employing upwards of thirty skilled workmen. It may be a surprise to Mr. Kunnert's many friends to learn that he has recently joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

—The Faculty and the student body were grieved to learn last week of the death of Mr. M. W. Daly, father of Mr. J. F. Daly of Sorin Hall. Mr. Daly, who was President of the banking firm of Daly and Mackay of Madison, South Dakota, died in that city on Tuesday, January 18. We sincerely hope that Mr. J. F. Daly will be with us next year, for no university can afford to lose such a thorough gentleman and brilliant scholar.

—In the remarks concerning the race between Mr. Hal Jewett and Mr. Samuel C. Curtis in the last edition of the SCHOLASTIC mention was not made that the race was a "handicap" contest. We make this correction in justice to Mr. Jewett; for although Mr. Curtis was one of our best sprinters, it is claiming too much for him to say that he could defeat in a "scratch" race one who, shortly after leaving Notre Dame, became the champion hundred-yard runner of the world.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Almighty to take away the father of our beloved fellow-student, John F. Daly, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, in the name of the Class of 1900, do tender to our friend our sincere sympathy in his great loss; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family.

JOHN J. MULLEN,
R. L. FOX,

P. E. FOLLEN,
J. D. LANDERS,
Committee.

Local Items.

—Alexis was caught shaving the other day. Next.

—A skylight has been put in the Carroll Hall "gym."

—Capt. Sheekey, of "Sheekey's Colts," has started indoor work.

—Several bus loads of students from Brownson and Carroll Halls enjoyed a sleigh ride Thursday afternoon.

—The Athletic Association has ordered a steam roller for John Eggeman to ride in the five-mile bicycle race.

—Some students of the Rhetoric class have received assignments as correspondents to Catholic newspapers.

—According to Brown all fleas are not black; for, says he, "Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow."

—Why is a billiard player like an artist? asked a bright Carrollite. "Because they both do a good deal of drawing."

—The St. Cecilians had a pleasant sleigh ride Thursday. Will Shea bought three dozen cream puffs. Wonder where he put them?

—Wootsie's purchase of some pickles and cream puffs was an unhappy combination as the midnight groans did amply testify.

—Shea is now receiving sealed bids for the contract of building an addition to his bed. He claims that it gets shorter every day.

—"I should think that those big fellows would be ashamed to play against that little boy," said a visitor as he watched Cornell play basket-ball.

—Those who wish to read the "Christmas number" of any of the magazines can now find same in the Sorin reading-room. Yes, indeed. All the latest magazines are there.

—Jerome Crowley has applied to the Post Office Dept. for a permit to send his correspondence at the pound rate. He claims a circulation equal to a county newspaper.

—Charlie Leffingwell of Carroll Hall entertained the Brownson students last Thursday

with a graphophone recital. Several of the selections were local and greatly appreciated.

—Thirty-five candidates responded to the call by the captain of the baseball team. Some of them have showed very well, and the vacancies in the team can easily be filled with excellent players.

—Sassifraski located the stolen ham mentioned in these columns last week, and for his reward was invited to a "Pink Tea," which superinduced a slight attack of the blues. He will recover.

—A young Carrollite wrote home the other day for a bushel of provisions, saying that he was going to attend a play to be given soon, and that six weeks will elapse between the first and second acts.

—Joe Touhy will spend a week in Chicago soon selecting his spring stock of vaudeville jokes. His supply is a little shop worn, and he is often humiliated by finding some one who has heard them before.

—Will Miller brought with him from Texas a box containing 250 pounds of pecans. Fitzpatrick says he has been homesick ever since the nuts arrived. There is little wonder, for the quantity he has eaten would make half a dozen men sick.

—This evening the basket-ball players will have occasion to show their ability in a game with the team of the Banker's Athletic Club of Chicago. The game will be played in the Carroll gym tonight at 7.30. The price of admission is 25 cents.

—Some of our workingmen are like the famous "Arkansas (pronounced arkansaw) traveller" who excused himself for not repairing the roof of his house when it was raining, and when the weather was fine saw no necessity for mending the leaks.

—Some of the students who have visited the city lately tell us that Mr. Jonquet, the former caterer and confectioner to the University is back again at his old place in South Bend. No wonder the St. Cecilians wanted to make a stop there while out sleigh riding lately.

—C. M. Neizer, who went as delegate to Indianapolis to present the application to the athletic and oratorical association of Indiana, returned Saturday. He secured admission to the Athletic Association, and the Gold and Blue will be conspicuous in the big meet at Indianapolis next May.

—Sorin Hall is to have a vaudeville performance (variety show). For attractions it offers the following list: Pulsfauth and Stulkamp, German comedians with their great song, entitled "Button, button, who's got wienerwust." Franey and O'Malley in their great act of acrobatic feats; Eggeman as Rosie; the Company in their play "Under the Wardrobe."

—Messrs. DeVos and Hogue, photographers

of South Bend, have presented to Sorin Hall a beautiful large frame containing individual photographs of the graduating class of '97, together with a number of views of the college buildings and other places of interest—such as the old stile. The class colors are also neatly interwoven in the picture.

—Those who remained here during the holidays had the good fortune to witness an exhibition of fancy skating by Tom Dillon, who has won medals at the St. Paul Skating Carnival. He is also a close second to the Amateur Hockey Champion of Manitoba. He has more than a dozen pairs of skates of all shapes to match the notes of the octaves.

—“Dooley's merry voyagers” went on another of their joyous rides to Mishawaka, South Bend and intermediate points. They went in sleighs, and along the route they made the welkin ring. Some had cowbells, and more of them didn't, but noise was created and dispensed with prodigal hospitality by all. Dooley is famed as an excursion agent, and the praise is certainly just.

—The Director of the Lemonnier Library returns thanks to Very Rev. Father Provincial for a set of fine photographs representing the series of frescoes by Pinturicchio in the Borgia Apartments of the Vatican lately restored by order of Pope Leo XIII. To Doctor Austin O'Malley for “A Long Probation,” and to Bro. Alphonsus for “Library of Standard Authors;” “Voices of the Night.”

—The basket-ball team played an exhibition game at the Commercial Athletic Club in South Bend last week. The spectators thoroughly enjoyed the game, as was evident from the prolonged applause. The boys were guests of the Club after the play, and spent a very pleasant evening. The hospitality of the C. A. C. has placed our athletes under many obligations, and our thanks but poorly express the sentiment we feel toward them.

—A certain tenant on the Wasserhut Platz has made a special study of very various negative expressions of the inhabitants of Sorin Hall. Out of ninety, five say grandiloquently: “Sir, I am not” or “it is very evident that my sentiments are not favorable, affirmatively, in the consideration of the present subject” (No one knows what this means). Seventy-five say: “No, I *ain't*,” in a quiet, unpretentious way. Five say, blusteringly: “Aw! I *h'ain't*, an' you feller's know it.” The remaining five say, with especial stress on the last word, “Well, I guess *not*.” In the common conversation the most frequently used words are, “Naw,” “nope,” “t'ain't,” “won't,” “fine,” and certain expletives which are better unwritten.

—Ah, what a world we live in! It is a little enough world; yet we can not see one-half of the things that happen in it. In Sorin Hall there are various kinds of personalities, and various kinds of faces; most of which are a

great surface in themselves. Some peer in your room, and between wagging lips say: “Lend me five, will you?” or command: “Pay me what you owe me; I'm hard up.” Other faces creep in when you are not at home, and depart with articles of value which they conveniently forget to bring back. One came in my room the other day, and said: “Say, let me take your bucket; I don't like to spit tobacco juice in mine.” That face is now mending itself. A certain bony face, not far from here, haunts me in my dreams, and tells me how things were fifty years ago; how they didn't have stoves then, and that people should be satisfied with them. This face should have been effaced some years past. But I am getting facetious.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The St. Cecilians held their second regular meeting Wednesday evening. Much interest was manifested in the debate, Resolved “That a student should be taught those things only which he is likely to need in practical life.” Albert Krug's original description elicited much enjoyment; but the *pièce de résistance* was the three-chapter story, entitled “Klondyke or College,” written by Messrs. L. Kelly, L. Beardslee and H. Brown, each of them writing a chapter. The heroes of the story were Pat Raczyński, W. Oberly and Stanislaus Duggan. Before the meeting adjourned the members voted themselves a sleigh ride, and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society held their regular meeting Thursday evening with President F. X. Carmody in the chair. The attendance was large and an exceedingly instructive program was listened to with great attention. Harry Crumley opened the evening's pleasure with a declamation that was thoroughly appreciated by all. Harry P. Barry was then called on for an extemporaneous speech; he responded willingly and exemplified his marked ability in this line. The rendition of “Salvator” by Jerome Crowley heaped new honors upon the young elocutionist. The attention of the body was now directed to the regular debate, “Resolved that the right of suffrage should be taken away from the negro.” The affirmative was skilfully defended by Messrs. Funk and Malloy, the negative by Messrs. Ensign and Dalton. A vote of the body was taken to decide the question, and it resulted in the defeat of the affirmative. Permission was now given to the members to discuss the subject, and stirring speeches were made by Messrs. Crowley, Barry and Duperier. Next Thursday evening the debate, “Resolved, That Congress ought to pass an act establishing federal control over national elections,” will be defended, the affirmative by Messrs. O'Connor and McCollum, the negative by Messrs. Crowley and Littig. The following Thursday evening will be devoted to the Income Tax debate, and it will be the most interesting series.

—The following essay was awarded the SCHOLASTIC'S Grand Prize of two bits and a smile—mostly little bits—for original historical research. This department will hereafter be maintained as a stimulant for students in lieu of something better, for personal work.

INDIANA.—In this state is situated Notre Dame University; also South Bend. The two places are very close together, and very far apart. Some very great things have happened here. The battle of Tippecanoe, the largest wagon factory, and the St. Joseph River, with its waves of azure blue. Some very big men have lived in this state, President Harrison the First, and President Harrison the Second, and John Eggeman; Charlie Niezer lives in this state, and has been outside of it once, when he went to Chicago to play football. He says the air is purer here and the water clearer than it is anywhere in the world (meaning Chicago).

There are more people in Fort Wayne in proportion to the population than there are in South Bend, and Indianapolis the capital is the largest of the three. The state is bounded on the north by the Lake Shore railroad and on the west by Chicago. The shape of the state is that of a piece of cheese with a bite taken out at the bottom. Elections are held in the state every four years, although the Law class of '98 have elections much oftener, so that each man will get to hold the office of president for a little while. The climatic conditions of the state are very peculiar, and the United States Government Bureau has great difficulty in giving a correct diagnosis of the weather. This has caused it to be classed as a "doubtful state."

The soil is fertile except in sterile and swampy places. All the students who come to Notre Dame are from the fertile spots. The name Hoosier has been applied to the people of the state; but many have objected to the appellation, because it can not euphoniously be worked into a college yell.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Brown, Brucker, Byrne, Corby, Confer, Campbell, Duffy, Duane, Dukette, Delaney, Drejer, Eggeman, Eyanson, Fennessey, Franey, Follen, Fox, Geoghegan, Gilbert, Hanhauser, Haley, Kruus, Medley, Mott, D. Myers, Mingey, Monahan, Morris, McGinnis, McCormack, F. O'Malley, O'Sullivan, Steiner, Spaulding, Stuhlfauth, Wurzer, Ward.

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Glynn, Glasheen, Graham, Guilfoyle, Gainer, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gordon, Hoover, Herbert, Harrington, Hubbard, Healy, Hagerty, Hanley, Holahan, S. L. Hunter, S. R. Hunter, C. Hunter, A. Hayes, Howell, Hoban, Hesse, J. Hayes, Hennebry, Hering, Jennings, E. Jackson, Jerrell, Kellner, Kehoe, Klein, Kuppler, Koehler, Kasper, Kangley, Kessler, Keith, Kiley, Kaul, Kennedy, Lins, Littig, Lampert, Merz, Metcalf, Morrison, Morales, McKenzie, McCallen, A. McDonald, F. McCollum, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, O'Reilly, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Connor, Otero, Pickett, Posselius, Pim, Powell, J. F. Ryan, Rupel, Reising, Revels, San Roman, Sullivan, Schubert, Sauer, Shiels, Sherman, Sanford, St. Louis, Schwartz, Summers, Schermerhorn, A. Simpson, Spalding, Swonk, Sossoman, Smogor, Tomlinson, Tong, Thacker, Tuohy, J. Taylor, Thams, Van Hee, Wynne, Wieceyorek, Watterson, Robert Wilson, Woolverton, F. Ward, Waters, Wheeler, Ralph Wilson, W. Ward, G. Wilson, Wagenman, White, Yockey.

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